

THE SALT LAKE HERALD, SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1905



Humor As Depicted By English Comic Papers



WHERE THERE'S A WILL AND NO WAY.

Stout Party—Now then, young lady, don't sit on me, please.
Young Lady (sweetly)—I'll try not to.—Punch.



"So, Jack proposed to you last night? Did you say yes?"
"I did, but he had to squeeze it out of me."—Ally Sloper.



"Yes, my friend, at the age of 15 I was left an orphan."
"And what did you do with it?"—Ally Sloper.



Mother (playfully)—And have you got a sweetheart yet, Tommy?
Tommy—No, still I'm game enough for a bit of spooning if that's what you're after.—Ally Sloper.



Jack—I hear that the death rate is verra high, mon?
Bobbie—If it's anywhere as high as the water rate it's a fair teaser.—Ally Sloper.



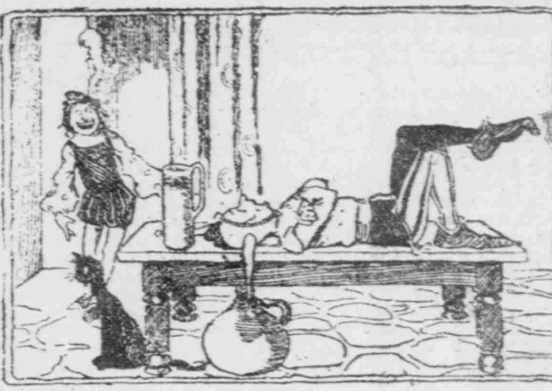
Fliegende Blätter.

FANCY BILLIARD SKETCH.

A Masse Stroke. From Old Cotton M.S.—Punch.

ALLY SLOPERS HALF-HOLIDAY.

AN OLD TIME TALE.



"Odds pork and pickled onions," chuckled ye page. "So ye jester sleepeth on ye bench. Methinks I will beguile ye time with a little jest on mice awes."



"Beshrew me for a saucy varlet, but he was always fond of ye put brown ale, but verily was he never so attached to it before," smiled ye mischievous elf as he stealthily fastened ye appendages of ye jester's head-piece to ye beer jug.



"Then wended he his way, wifal, making ye welkin ring with lusty shouts of 'Fire! Fire!' Ye sleeper awoke with a start, and ye beer, slack, rose with him."



"And as ye beer-clained jester darted forth to avenge ye fault by a particular mash had him felicitous, for that he was at last actually being fussey. And she laughed right merrily at his sorry plight."

GLASS-EYED BILL

He was plainly new to God's country, and showed it by his artless contempt of God's own, Bob Hamill, the driver of the Las Vegas stage, condescended a little to his only passenger—offered him a nip, together with a few reflections on the universe—and went out of his way to say some nice things about "over there." But the straight-backed, yellow moustached, soldierly-looking gentleman from "over there" received these advances with unflinching murmurs of repression, and, on their being repeated, turned away the light of his countenance from Robert Hamill and engrossed himself in the scenery of California. This was a pity, not only for its tacit denial of the brotherhood of man, but because it later on involved the descent of the straight-backed gentleman into what might be called space—together with a dressing case, dispatch box, hat box, portmanteau, gun case, portable bath and a roll of steamer rugs. The stage dropped him at the dusty crossroads, disappearing in the direction of what a rusty notice said was Watsonville, while the erstwhile passenger gazed blankly at another on which was the half-obliterated inscription: El Nido Ranch.

A little unheeding on the part of the gentleman from "over there" would have resulted in Bob's taking a detour and disembarking him all complete at his destination, and this for no other toll than a grasp of the hand at parting and a hearty "You're welcome." But Captain Anstruther was unused to a scheme of things where a ready fellowship counted for more than money. All his life people had automatically risen to carry his luggage, move him in the proper direction, and answer generally for his comfort and well being. To find himself on a dusty road in the heart of a wild and lonely country, an orphan traveler, so to speak, with nobody to take care of him but himself—was it any wonder that Captain Claude George Pennifield Anstruther looked somewhat depressed, or that the tails of his pugaree drooped limply in the ambient air of the Golden State?

Of course, he had a pugaree and strange, enormous shoes, with hobnails in them, and a wonderful checked knickerbocker costume, involving a weird variety of gaiter that stopped halfway up his calf. He was no less singular inside than out, and next his skin was a leather money belt, and he was wound round and round with a silver drinking cup that cost 8 guineas at Silver's, and a compact little filter that weighed only a pound, and an extraordinary knife of extraordinary size, which had a folding spoon in it and a gimlet, a saw and a sailor's needle. He had been "outfitted" in London at an expense of a hundred pounds sterling, and that was why he clanked as he walked and dug things into him when he sat down. Why California should require such terrible preparations it is not for the narrator to say. Perhaps it is because the narrator does not know. Does anybody know, indeed, why the Briton abroad should so often assume a guise likely to tempt the lightning from its path and have here with the stars in their courses?

Captain Claude George Pennifield Anstruther regarded his dressing case, dispatch box, hat box, portmanteau, gun case, portable bath and roll of steamer rugs with a dawning sense that British solidity and dead weight might be carried too far. He was even more of this opinion by the time he had conveyed these articles to the shelter of some adjacent chapparal and had lopped off with the help of the knife with the folding spoon, the gimlet, saw and sailor's needle enough dusty branches to hide them from the gaze of possible passersby.

This accomplished, he set off, in no very rosy frame of mind, to follow the road to El Nido ranch. He did not stop out with the air of a man assured of a bath, a Scotch-and-soda and a hospitable welcome. On the contrary, he wore the set expression of one charged with a very disagreeable duty; and his mind, instead of dwelling on the beautiful and romantic scenery, was weighted like lead besides with the memory of a dressing case, dispatch box, hat box, portmanteau, gun case, portable bath, and roll of steamer rugs, and printing the mountain road with a homelike pattern that puzzled the school children for days afterward. A mile—two miles—and then he came in sight of some strangely red buildings on a hill. The captain pegged away at his cough, so he coughed. At first so gently that it was almost a lullaby,

and then by degrees rising to an honest, growling, bulldogish cough that seemed to say: "Wake up, confound you!" At last she stirred and opened her eyes and met those of the stranger looking down at her. He said hastily: "If beg your pardon," and betrayed enough agitation to spill a box of sweets, and a half-opened noel from their chair beside him. The girl sat up in the hammock, still gazing at him with astonishment, and asked him who he was and where he came from.

"Gad, sir, in a voice like a Cashmiri dute on the Lake of Selangor, borne over the water at dusk," Or the hubbub in one of those mouldy old gardens where the Rajout princes held high revel in the company days!" he said, picking chocolate creams off the floor. "Captain Anstruther of the One Hundredth dragon guards—British army, you know."

She smiled at him without saying a word. "You are, I presume, Miss Helen Jaffrey?" he went on.

She showed the least little sign of embarrassment and colored perceptibly as she assented with a movement of her head.

"Extraordinary," ejaculated the captain. "Most extraordinary!"

"Why?" she asked.

"It was the captain's turn to look put out."

"I am not accustomed to awaken the young ladies I call on," he said. "I pride myself on being a man of the world, but positively, for once, I felt myself staggered."

"There was my side of it, too," she said.

They both laughed, and the captain said, "I have a particular reason to know all about Mr. Gray," he said at last.

"Such a reason might be friendly or unfriendly," she said. Besides, it is not as though I did not know the whole miserable story of his decline and virtual disappearance. All I ask of you is to fill in the details."

She gave him a very searching look. The captain did not suffer from such a mute interrogation, and his straight, honest gaze reassured her. Something

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